

# NOW FOR THE BIG GAME

## Moose, Deer and Bear Attracting New York Sportsmen to Canadian Forests



BIG GAME IN THE CANADIAN WOODS, NEW BRUNSWICK.

October is the favorite month of the New Yorker who loves to hunt big game. By this time the moose, the caribou and the bear.

Time was when the eyes of all sportsmen of the city were turned toward Maine, but now that the Maine season does not open until October 15 and the season in Canada lasts from September to the end of the year, the Maine forests are losing some of the hunters, who go to Canada instead.

This year the newest and most popular districts to which the New Yorker has turned are New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. These are by no means the only regions available in Canada, for the vast territory under the Canadian flag where big game may be found and is sought stretches east from the 110th degree of longitude to the Atlantic Ocean, and contains 2,250,000 square miles of forest. As the population of this great area is less than 70,000 there is no lack of room for all visitors.

For several years the Muskoka country, lying some 120 miles north of Toronto, was the favorite resort for New Yorkers. Easy of access and filled with game, it presented manifold attractions, with its almost virgin forest and 600 lakes, great and small. It is characteristic of the New York sportsman, however, that he is forever seeking something new, and this year he is demonstrating this characteristic in vigorous fashion.

The sales of hunting outfits in New York are 50 per cent. greater this year than last. Their nature indicates more preparation for emergencies than heretofore.

Where in former years the average outfit has been classed as ordinary, this year careful attention is paid to compressing into the smallest possible bulk the greatest



FISHING IN THE RESTIGOUCHE RIVER.

number of necessities. Dealers who handle these outfits say that this means that the purchasers are aiming for what is to them an untried country, and that they are making due preparation therefor.

Early in the present month a party of five left the Grand Central station bound for the territory that stretches northward from Lake St. John into the blank region on the map of Northern Canada marked "unexplored." It is known by reports of guides and hunters that the region teems with moose and caribou.

Still another party is now in the Saskatchewan country west of Lake Winnipeg, where deer, elk, moose, caribou and every other variety of big game known in the Canadian Northwest is to be found. It

seems almost incredible, in view of the many reports circulated about the extinction of big game on the North American continent, but in the part of the continent being traversed by this party of New Yorkers the same abundance of game that greeted the American pioneer in his westward journey more than a century ago constantly presents itself.

The major part of the hunters' pilgrimage, so far as New York is concerned, has swung toward the province of New Brunswick, said to have more big game to the square mile than any other province of Canada. It has this disadvantage, however: The open season lasts only from September 15 to November 30.

While game is plentiful in New Brunswick, protective measures are equally so. The annual invasion of the Maine woods by a small army of sportsmen, largely from the New England States, has driven any quantity of game over the border into what are called the Canadian woods. That is why so many New Yorkers are in this part of New Brunswick to-day.

It costs \$50 for a license fee, and the taking of moose is restricted to one bull. The same is true of the caribou. Two deer are allowed. The Lake Stream Lakes in the Forest Reserve are favorite spots. New Yorkers have made some fine records in the Canadian woods. Last year Jeremiah Richards and his son Charles met with phenomenal success with moose, caribou and deer. The antlers of the moose obtained by them are considered the finest New Brunswick hunters have seen for many a day.

It was to this point that Prince Louis of Battenberg paid a visit last season, accompanied by a British naval officer and two



CAMPING IN MAINE.



A BUCK MOOSE AND HIS CAPTORS, NORTH OF LAKE MUSKOKA.

marines. His guide was John Moloney, who took a great fancy to the Prince, and established himself on terms of the most friendly intimacy.

The Canadian guide is an expert in the use of the birch bark horn, by means of which moose are called. John was an expert caller, so the Prince told him he expected to see moose before night of the first day's hunt.

"Heap moose," replied the Indian, pointing to fresh tracks in the soft moss. "Injun find moose; you shoot 'em."

After a half hour's tramp the Prince and his guide came upon a huge bull, with spreading antlers, making his way through a cluster of young birches. Prince Louis and the guide spied him at the same instant. Then the Prince developed a splendid case of buck fever, and the guide waited so long to give the Prince a chance for a shot that the moose sensed danger and made good his escape.

"Big man on ship, mebbe," said the guide

in disgust. "No good here, like squaw." By the time the Prince and his Indian guide reached camp that night the others of the party were asleep. The guide took a firm grip of the Prince's arm, and shouted to the marines:

"Wake up, you fellows, fer your chum's back! Me and him both here!"

The marines were so indignant at the guide's familiar manner that they refused to speak to him afterward, but the prince himself treated him with great consideration, and told the story of the criticism as a huge joke on himself.

So far as Prince Edward Island is concerned it is not meant that because it is a resort for New York hunters it is the home of big game. Nothing of the sort is found in its entire length of 110 miles.

As a resort for wild fowl, however, it is unequalled, and here just now is a paradise for the duck hunter. The same variety of ducks that will sweep in and around Great South Bay, L. I., in a few weeks

are at Prince Edward Island now, and more than one New Yorker who will presently be floating in the wake of his decoys on Great South Bay is trying his luck at the island.

The best season's records thus far are being made around Tignish and Souris, the extreme eastern and western points reached by the island's Government owned and operated railway. The list of feathered game is attractive, and includes wild geese, brant, duck of various kinds, woodcock, plover and snipe, enough in numbers and variety to make up the finest kind of a bag.

Another part of Canadian territory which seems to have achieved popularity among the New York sportsmen this year, as shown by the records of the tourist ticket agencies, is the Restigouche country, an immense hunting territory of itself, extending far into the provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec. A New York party now in the Stillwater region of the upper Restigouche reports having killed a number of moose, caribou and deer, beside several bears.

The fishing is as good as the hunting. The Restigouche river and its tributaries are without obstruction in the form of dams or falls, and so boats can be taken to the very head waters. Soons are used by some of the hunters and fishermen on these rivers. They contain stoves, bunks and all other necessities to comfort in the autumn, besides a liberal stock of supplies.

If one does not care to go by boat there are plenty of portage roads, opened by lumbermen as avenues for carrying supplies in the winter time. Good trout fishing is to be had at many points along these roads.

In the United States Maine is, of course, the accepted home of the big game, so far as the country east of the Mississippi is concerned. During October and November, 1905, there were shipped from the Moose and Katahdin regions of Maine 3,728 deer, 167 moose and 29 black bear, killed by sportsmen. There were taken from the State in the three hunting months of October, November and December nearly 7,000 deer, 300 moose and 100 black bear.

This is in addition to the game shot and afterward consumed in the camps. Hundreds of miles of the Maine wilderness have never been penetrated by others than the Indians or an occasional guide, but even these sportsmen, the chances are that the game will have a chance to increase. Canada, however, welcomes the sportsmen. There is no objection to this sort of American invasion.



END OF A SASKATCHEWAN BEAR HUNT.

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## BIG BUCK OF THE OPETONKA.

### A HUNT IN THE OSAGE INDIAN RESERVATION.

IN Camp Near the Arkansas River—Encounter of Two Tenderfeet and a Famous Deer—A Case of Buck Fever and a Horseback Ride Over the Rough.

PAWBUKA, Okla., Oct. 18.—The Osage Indian reservation in Oklahoma is one of the few remaining regions in this former game paradise where deer and wild turkeys may still be found ranging. The allotment of the Indian lands in severalty this year and the occupation of these lands under lease by white farmers will curtail forever the hunter's campfire in this region.

A year or two ago the land lay as it had from the beginning of time save that occasionally could be found the log house of a ranchman. Scattered along the streams were the tepees of the Osages. The clear streams of the reservation, plunging down rocky riffles and widening and deepening into pools that picture overhanging crags, green cedars and tall sycamores, are the home of mighty black bass, big fellows that bend bamboo rods until the fibre cracks and the line sings. The Osage Indian seldom goes fishing and the waters of these beautiful streams lie often for months without rippling to the splash of a line.

All day the camp outfit of a party of hunters had been moving across the prairies and down the timbered bottoms of the Osage country, bogged once in the treacherous quicksands of the Arkansas River and coming often to the end of dim trails that showed nowhere. The jaded broncos tugged wearily at their load, while the cook and the driver beat a tattoo on the wagon box with their rawhide boots, chewed amazing quantities of plug tobacco and swore all manner of oaths that would cause tired broncos to prick up their ears and trot.

The country had grown wilder mile after mile, and its loneliness became heavier with approaching nightfall. The occasional wish of a battery of low flying teal was prophetic that a northern was gathering behind the dark blue wall that was rising above the northern horizon.

Camp would be pitched on the clear, swift Opetonka—Osage for big elk—and now the heavy timber that marked its windings to the Arkansas could be discerned. A splitting rain mixed with snow was falling when the wagon stopped and tent poles, tents and baggage began tumbling to the ground.

Everywhere in camp was hurry and bustle to insure comfort against the storm. A camp fire blazed, kettles were slung, coffee was steaming and bacon sizzling in the skillet by the time the tent was stretched and pitched. Hay still sweet with summer was heaped by the wagonload from a rancher's meadow and piled in the tent for beds.

The crisp fall air gave edge to every appetite. When the cook shouted: "The chuck's spilin'" there was a rush for the mess table and its savory delights. After supper came fragrant pipes around a glowing log heap that blazed and crackled and sent whirlwinds of sparks above the tent tops.

Some of the hunters were tenderfeet:

with the sounds of street cars and steam whistles still in their ears. Others were the tan of the West on their cheeks and could travel at night by the stars.

Southward a few miles was the Arkansas River, bastioned with gigantic hills that rose terrace upon terrace, glowing with all the fire of autumn foliage. Back from the river these hills ran for miles every imaginable angle, their crevices debouching one into another as if some great finger had traced their course in darkness.

Little upland valleys, deep in grass and watered by living springs, snuggled among the hills, making an ideal feeding ground for deer and turkey. The ridges were bronzed with shaggy oaks whose acorns clattered down with every breath of the fall wind.

In the Arkansas bottoms noon sank to a softer light underneath the great forests, mysterious in their immensity. Squirrels chattered everywhere, and big hoot owls flapped blunderingly from tree to tree when disturbed in their daylight slumber.

Don Sager, a rancher, whose outfit ranged the Opetonka, rode in from the darkness, threw off his slicker and sat down by the fire. Then it was that the hunters first heard of the buck of the Opetonka and of eight big gobblers that lived alone in a secluded canon of the Arkansas.

The buck, with antlers like a haystack, had shown himself too wary for hunters and too fleet for hounds. The gobblers, elusive as shadows, had been feeding in the canon since last fall, roosting wherever night found them and hiding among the rocks when pursued. Other deer there were, and turkeys, too, but these were the most to be desired by sportsmen.

More than a hunter, as he lay warm in his blankets that night, listened to the wind roaring in the trees and thought of the buck and the gobblers. Two tenderfeet had agreed to start early next morning for the Arkansas for geese and ducks.

Neither had ever seen a wild deer, and one declared that if he could see one he would not ask for the privilege of shooting at it. This same person was awake long after his companions were asleep, arguing with himself whether or not he should carry a Winchester in addition to his shotgun. He decided to leave the rifle in camp, with results to be known later in this narrative.

The next morning threatened rain, but the two tenderfeet were on their way to the Arkansas when the dawn was still gray. The footprints of a big gobbler in sight of camp established brisk circulation. The heaviest ammunition carried by the hunters was three loads of No. 2s.

The confluence of the Arkansas and the Opetonka was as barren of geese and ducks as the old lady's cupboard of bones. Below the Opetonka the Arkansas swung in a majestic horseshoe bend to the southeast, its northern shore presenting a crescent background of mountainous and umbrageous hills.

The river valley spread southward as level as a floor. A sandbar about seventy-five yards from the shore ran up the Arkansas from the mouth of the Opetonka about 300 yards.

Wary of scanning the sky for triangles of geese, the two tenderfeet, known among their companions as John and Bill, found about 200 yards above the Opetonka a sunny spot concealed by grass and willows on the edge of the Arkansas. John had a

load of No. 2's in each barrel of his gun, while Bill had a No. 2 and a No. 6.

The clouds had cleared away and the sun's warmth sank drowsily into the benumbed bodies of the hunters, who lay aimlessly puffing their pipes. The yellow flood of the Arkansas lapped monotonously its low banks. The day was passing away in unpeopled silence.

Then came the big buck.

His appearance, so unexpected, at first scarcely disturbed the half dreaming hunters. Even after he had stood a moment on a jutting point at the mouth of the Opetonka, in plain sight, eyeing the broad reaches of the river, and then plunged into the water and waded majestically to the sandbar, hardly could they believe he was not an illusion that had moved into the foreground of this beautiful panorama of hills and rivers. What a singing of heartstrings at the sight of this lordly buck of the Opetonka!

Splash! splash! went his feet in the water, quickening in the shallower places to a trot. He seemed weary, and the faroff baying of hounds in the hills told the story of his flight.

John and Bill sat paralyzed gazing upon this dream that had come true. The buck, seeming no danger, for the wind was right, drew closer and closer along the sandbar.

Would he get close enough? The anguish of having left the long range rifles in camp was too poignant for words.

The crisis was at hand. Bang! went a load of No. 2's at his spine, just in front of his hips, to uncouple him. His right hip dropped for a moment as he gathered himself to spring. Bang! bang! bang! went three more loads at his head, searching, in the ignorance of tenderfootery, for a vital spot.

Sand and water were flying many feet in the air, the buck tearing madly up the sandbar, quickly to disappear behind a clump of willows that concealed the upper reach of river from his enemies. Not daring to expose himself by trying to escape across the open river, the buck turned toward the nearest shore and was heard to strike the deeper water of the channel with a boom that sounded as if he had fallen.

With only No. 6's for final onslaught, the hunters sprang to their feet in pursuit.

John stopped horrified at the sight of Bill. Bill's face had the pallor of death; his facial muscles were distorted and rigid as if frozen while twisted by some terrible pain; his eyes were glassy; he struggled and panted for breath and his tongue seemed swollen and jammed between his teeth.

"Hang it, Bill, what's the matter? Are you shot?"

"N-no, n-not by a d-damned sight. I n-never had it b-before and n-never saw anybody with it, b-but I g-g-guess I've got b-buck ague."

And buck ague was what he had. The buck of the Opetonka had not fallen. The soft bank of the river bore the imprint of his spanglelike hoofs that cut the earth with many a bounding leap, led up a precipitous bank, over a high rail fence and across a narrow valley to the hills. The hunters thrilled at the sight of a red splash on the brown leaved; then another and another. The buck was wounded and bleeding.

Pursuit without horses and hounds was useless, and the hunters hurried to camp. Four horsemen were soon in the saddle to take up the trail.

Sager held in leash the best deer hound in the Osage country. Link was a big black and tan that could run down and kill a wolf, and once had followed a deer from the State of Kansas across the Osage reservation to the Arkansas River.

An hour's riding carried the hunters to the buck's range. The hound occasionally held his nose in the air, sniffed the wind, whined and tugged at his strap. In following a cow trail along a hillside Link sprang to one side, bayed and struggled to get loose.

"Here's a fresh trail," said Sager, spurring his horse to keep up with the hound which trailed to a grass covered point in a clump of black jacks on the point of the hill.

The dead grass was pressed down where a deer had been lying. The hound was released and dashed away at full speed, the hills echoing to his sonorous bay.

The man who has never ridden a mettlesome cow pony in trying to follow a deer and a hound in a broken, hilly country should think several times before attempting it. To be poked fore and aft by sudden flights through low branched timber, to be pitched forward and backward in vaulting over logs and boulders, desperately clutching the points of most valance on one's saddle and with every internal organ jarring loose from its fastenings are some of the sensations.

Faster and faster grew the baying of the hound, which long ago had outstripped its followers and was now in full cry. One moment it could be heard high and clear on the crest of a ridge, then fainter and fainter as the hound passed into the valley below.

Sager said that Link would follow the deer to water, where the latter always go when too closely pursued. He expected the hound to have the deer at bay in half an hour. The course of the hound was leading to the pools of the Opetonka.

The trail was abandoned for a shorter and more rugged course to the stream. Riding over the summit of a hill, the hunters saw the valley of the Opetonka below them and heard the hound baying in the timber about a mile away.

Beneath a steep bank, in a wide pool of the Opetonka, was heard a tumultuous splashing, the angry growls and baying of the hound and the snorting of the buck, who was fighting so well that the hound dared not close with him.

Sager, the only sure rifle shot in camp, jumped from his horse and fired with his 30.30 Savage. The mushroom bullet struck between the shoulders, smashing the vertebrae. The buck fell dead in the water. Late that night the venison was hanging from a tree in camp and the hunters were eating its juicy steak round their camp fire.

Drill Strikes Tree Far Under Ground.

Paris correspondence Indianapolis News. A remarkable circumstance attended the boring of an oil well on the James T. Hite farm, five miles south of Kansas, this week. At a depth of 350 feet the drill penetrated a tree, evidently in an upright position, as it passed through branches, trunk and roots, in the order named.

Even more singular was the fact that in some of the fragments brought to the surface were found some very lively black ants, the presence of which at such a depth no one is able satisfactorily to explain. The truth of the story is vouched for, however, by a number of entirely credible witnesses.

## IT PUZZLED WILD BEASTS.

### WIRE FENCE IN THE WOODS PROVED TO BE A TRAP.

DEER DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO JUMP OVER IT—Bears Crossed by Clambering Up the Posts—Cow Moose Did the Trick and Was Proud of It—Bull's Attempt.

BLUE SEA LAKE, Canada, Oct. 20.—It is now three years since the completion of the railway through this part of Canada. When the first trains began to run the wild creatures suffered rather severely from their ignorance of the power and speed of the locomotive.

Bears, deer, horses and even birds used to be picked up every day by the section men. For the first few months partridges would stand in coveys within three or four feet of hand, allowing the railway hands to shoot them with revolvers.

After the first twelve months the wild things learned their lesson. Bears were never caught by the trains.

Deer were killed only when the frightened creatures got on the track and ran between the shining rails ahead of an engine, evidently afraid to step across the metal. Partridges learned that it was safest to fly out of the right of way as soon as the rumble of approaching wheels was heard.

Strangely enough the foxes, though supposed to be the most knowing of forest folk, have been slowest to find out the danger of the track. Three full grown ones have been killed lately on one section of the line, just about this place.

A whole litter of young ones were out to pieces on an upper portion of the line near the Indian reserve. On two different occasions fine brushes, or fox tails, have been picked up between the rails, showing where foxes escaped, if they escaped at all, with great difficulty and at considerable loss.

But none of the animals seems to understand the philosophy of the meshed wire fences, which enclose the track. The head section man travelling along with one of his hands on a hand car lately heard a tremendous noise issuing from the fence, and upon turning a sharp corner discovered the cause in a buck, which had thrust its forefoot through one of the meshes and contrived to get the lower strands twisted about it in such a manner that it was impossible to release it.

Another of these men found a similar noise to be caused by two fighting stags, who were poking away at each other through the fence. At his approach one of them made off, but the other had his antlers stuck through the wire opening near the top and could neither withdraw them nor go forward before the man had put a long knife into his heart from behind the shoulder.

Hunters find that many of the deer have injured their forelegs by pawing at these fences, in the attempt to break a way through, as the creatures are accustomed near the top and can neither withdraw them nor go forward before the man had put a long knife into his heart from behind the shoulder.

The bears have learned to let the fence alone and to cross when necessary by climbing a stout post, though curious things sometimes happen when a fence is encountered as they are hurrying away from danger.

For instance, a very large she bear was running before the hunters with her cub when she came to the wire fence. The little fellow scrambled through, under the influence of a gentle cuffing from the old one.

The mother herself made the mistake of trying to struggle through one of the large meshes, about two feet by nine inches. She forced her shoulder through and by that time had torn the fastenings, and the influence of a gentle cuffing from the old one.

Instead she managed to get wedged into the mesh and to twist herself up so that she was found completely caught when her pursuers came along. The little chap was going his best to help by hanging on to his mother's forepaw with his teeth and endeavoring to pull her through forcibly, for which attempt of kindness he was receiving anything but thanks.

There was another big, black fellow who, being hard pressed, ran against the wire with such vigor as to be sent back with considerable force by the fence. As soon as he recovered his wits he essayed to clamber over the fence ladder style.

Across the top he fell, as has many a human animal, and in trying to save himself by his prehensile hind foot got that twisted through a mesh, so that he hung there with his head and one arm on the other side of the fence, and he snarled viciously at the offending member, and when secured had badly chewed his own foot.

A curious thing was noticed not far above Burrhead station on this line. A two-year-old cow moose came up to a fence, apparently for the first time. She snatched at the obstacle, pawed at it, tried squeaking her ungainly head through it, pushed hard and finally jumped easily and not ungraciously over it.

Then she examined the wire from that side with great deliberation. For fifteen minutes or so afterward she amused herself by leaping over it as speedily as possible. Whether this was done in derision or by way of practice did not appear, but the grave solemnity with which she performed her gymnastic exercises made the performance the more amusing to the on-lookers.

Gold From a Smeelter Chimney.

Benicia correspondence Sacramento Bee.

A chimney connected with a gold smelter furnace in Vallejo Junction has enriched the company's coffers \$7,000.

The chimney had been filling up for the past year, and finally became so troublesome that the managers of the plant ordered it cleaned. The refuse was afterward treated in the gold room, and was found to contain gold dust worth \$7,000. The directors immediately ordered the furnace attached to the chimney to prevent further loss of gold into the air. This small bonanza is the result of one year's accumulation. It is not known how much was lost.

## DUCKS CAUGHT IN STRANGE WAY

### Doctored Peas That Stuck in Their Gizzards Led to a Big Catch.

GARRETT BASIN, Canada, Oct. 18.—From one of the beach stretches to the northeast comes a story of the taking of wild ducks by a method exhibiting more ingenuity than humanity.

Owing to the long warm season the ducks, which as usual had gathered in large numbers for the winter migration, decided to remain and enjoy themselves along the coast. As the birds were wary, some hungry hunters determined upon adopting the plan suggested by one of their number, having been practised at his native place in the Isle of Man.

The quantities of peas were scattered thickly day after day for a whole week in a certain place. To this feast the ducks came in ever increasing droves, night being their favorite feeding time. Meanwhile the men were at work cutting the bristles off one of the stiff brooms used aboard ships in rough scrubbing decks. The short bristles were then passed completely through carefully soaked peas, so that the ends protruded on either side for about an eighth of an inch.

Laborious as this task must have been, it was persisted in until a good bushel of peas had been so treated. These were spread out thickly at evening time on the well baited ground. Strange quackings were heard all night by the listeners, who found a harvest of fine ducks covering the beach when morning broke.

It appeared from an examination that the unsuspecting birds gobbled up the peas as on previous evenings. The protruding bristles caused no trouble until the peas reached the entrance to the gizzard. But there the peas stuck fast, causing such distress as to make the birds perfectly still stretched out upon the sand. Every movement meant pain, and with their heads stretched out flat before them they permitted themselves to be taken by hand.

More than 1,000 were taken in one night, chiefly canvasbacks and redheads. Their ill gotten gains were not, however, as large as the poachers expected. Ice is scarce along most of the beaches, owing to the heat of the summer, and cold storage of this immense supply of game was an impossibility. By wagons and by schooners the ducks were hurried to the nearest railway stations to be carried to the cities, but owing to ignorance on the part of the shipmen, prices realized were so small that it is doubtful if the whole catch of 1,000 fine fat ducks realized more than \$50.

Killed Trying to Runaway.

From the Warren Mirror.

Near Pittsford a dog was killed in a determined effort to get to a runaway team. Conrod Hoenick, a farmer, left his team standing near a railroad track. Two little boys were in the wagon. The horses were frightened by a passing train and ran away. The dog was thrown out and severely injured. The other remained in the wagon, and while the speed of the frightened team increased every second he made frantic efforts to reach the lines and stop them.

As